

CROWN

NO.
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COMICS

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MAY 1948

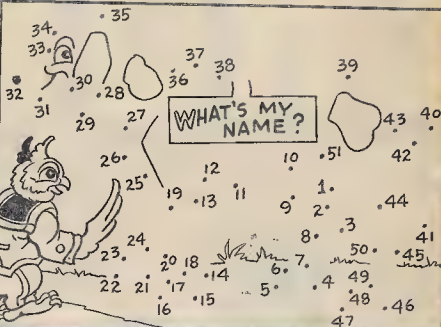




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CROWN PUZZLE PAGE

CONNECT THE DOTS IN THEIR ORDER TO DRAW THE THIRD MEMBER OF THIS GROUP.



IN LEAD



TO WIN THIS NAME GAME YOU MUST SPELL AT LEAST 15 GIRLS' NAMES BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN "IN LEAD" AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH.

AABEEF GLLRU



USE UP ALL THE ABOVE LETTERS, EACH JUST ONCE, AND TRY TO SPELL A BIRD, AN ANIMAL AND AN INSECT.

W. W. NUGENT

SOLUTIONS:

PUZZLE NO. 2:
GULL, BEAR
AND FLEA.

PUZZLE NO. 1: ADA, ANN, DELIA, DIANA, ELA,
ELLEN, EDNA, IDA, LILLIAN, LENA, LANA, LINA,
NELL, NELLIE, NANN, DELIA AND ANNA.

VIC CUTTER



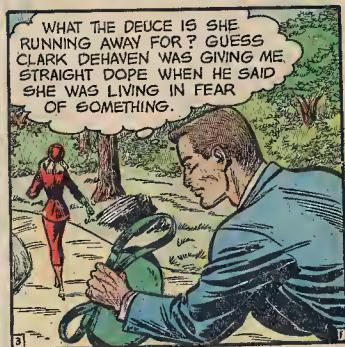
BOLE-SMARR



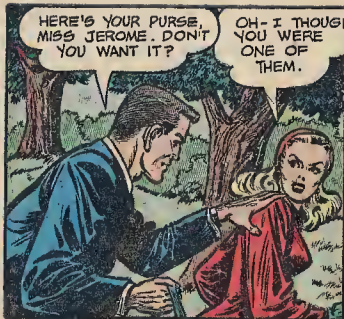
I'LL SEE YOU IN
JAIL SOME DAY,
LONG LEGS!



WAIT, MISS! HE
DROPPED YOUR PURSE!
I'VE GOT IT!



WHAT THE DEUCE IS SHE
RUNNING AWAY FOR? GUESS
CLARK DEHAVEN WAS GIVING ME
STRAIGHT DOPE WHEN HE SAID
SHE WAS LIVING IN FEAR
OF SOMETHING.



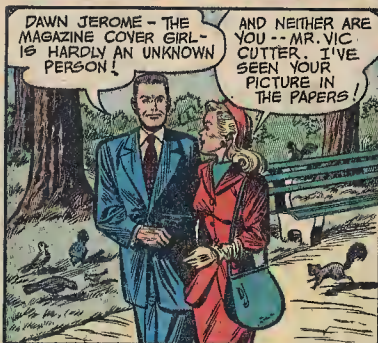
HERE'S YOUR PURSE, MISS JEROME. DON'T YOU WANT IT?

OH - I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.



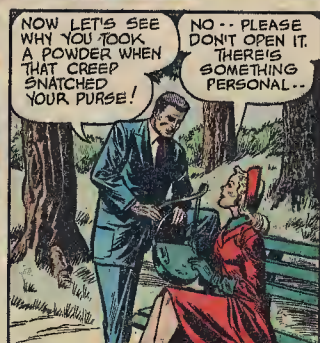
LET'S FIND A BENCH AND TALK. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU.

WELL - ALL RIGHT. YOU LOOK LIKE A SQUARE GUY. HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?



DAWN JEROME - THE MAGAZINE COVER GIRL - IS HARDLY AN UNKNOWN PERSON!

AND NEITHER ARE YOU -- MR. VIC CUTTER. I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!



NOW LET'S SEE WHY YOU TOOK A POWDER WHEN THAT CREEP SNATCHED YOUR PURSE!

NO -- PLEASE DON'T OPEN IT. THERE'S SOMETHING PERSONAL --



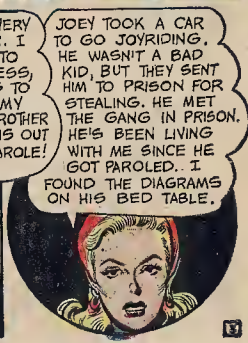
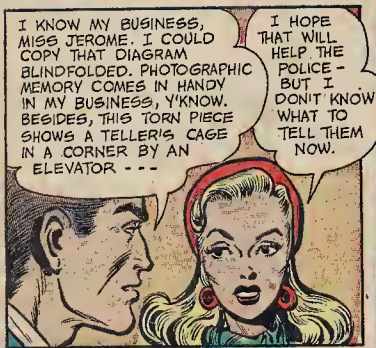
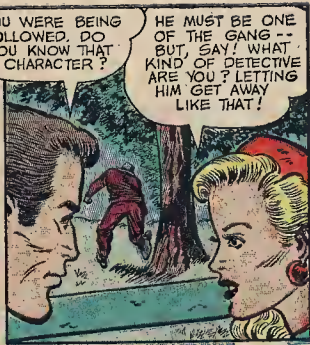
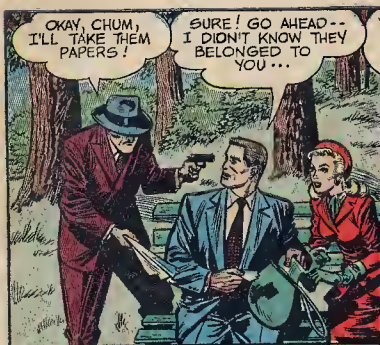
DIAGRAMS ALWAYS INTEREST ME. WHAT IS IT? A BURIED TREASURE MAP OR THE FLOOR PLAN OF A BANK?

WELL - SINCE YOU'VE GUESSED IT - GO AHEAD AND LOOK. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME NOW.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A BANK FLOOR PLAN AND A STREET TRAFFIC GETAWAY CHART?

I WAS TAKING THOSE PAPERS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. I, ER, FOUND THEM.

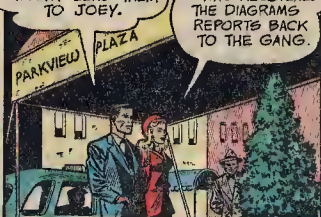
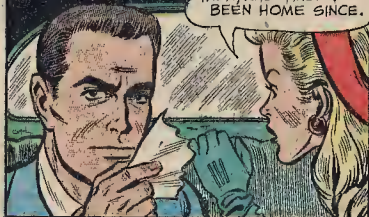


WHAT DID YOUR BROTHER JOEY SAY WHEN HE AWOKE AND FOUND THE PAPERS GONE?

HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT THE TABLE WAS BY A WINDOW, AND HE LOOKED DOWN IN THE ALLEY AS THOUGH HE THOUGHT THEY HAD BLOWN OUT. HE LEFT THEN, AND HASN'T BEEN HOME SINCE.

JOEY HAS BEEN HIDING FROM THE GANG SINCE HE LOST THE DIAGRAMS. THEY DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD THE PAPERS, BUT THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LEAD THEM TO JOEY.

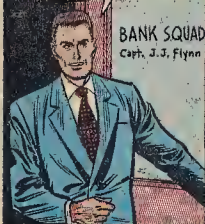
IF JOEY TOLD THE GANG HE LOST THE DIAGRAMS, THEY MAY HAVE KILLED HIM -- OR THEY WILL WHEN THE THUG WHO RECOVERED THE DIAGRAMS REPORTS BACK TO THE GANG.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- TWENTY MINUTES LATER --

DROP EVERYTHING, CAPTAIN FLYNN! A GANG IS GOING TO HIT A BANK, AND WE'VE GOT TO DOPE OUT WHICH ONE FROM VERY LITTLE EVIDENCE!

BANK SQUAD
Capt. J. J. Flynn



AFTER VIC GIVES CAPTAIN FLYNN THE DETAILS --

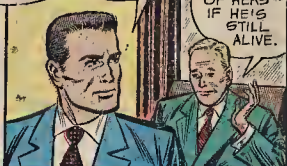
ALL THIS TORN CORNER CAN TELL US IS THAT A TELLER'S CAGE IS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO AN ELEVATOR.



WE'LL GO THROUGH THESE FLOOR PLANS UNTIL WE FIND ONE THAT CHECKS. IT'S AFTER CLOSING HOUR NOW, AND NO BANKS WILL BE OPEN TILL MONDAY MORNING.

CLARK DEHAVEN THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE POLO PLAYER, RETAINED ME TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS WORRYING HIS FIANCEE -- MISS JEROME. THAT'S WHY I WAS SHADOWING HER.

I CATCH, VIC. AND TO KEEP HER NAME OUT OF THE PAPERS, YOU'LL HAVE TO CORRAL THAT KID BROTHER OF HERS -- IF HE'S STILL ALIVE.



AS NIGHT FALLS, VIC AND HIS DALMATIAN PROWL THROUGH A TOUGH DISTRICT --

LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY STOOL PIGEONS WE KNOW IN THIS JOINT, ERIE.

TAVERN



TEN BUCKS SAYS YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE GANG THAT YOUNG JOEY JEROME IS MIXED UP WITH, ALFV.

YOU'RE IN LUCK, CUTTER, GIVE ME THAT TEN AND GO TO A VACANT LOFT BUILDING ON THE CORNER OF HUDSON. BETTER PACK A ROD. THE GANG IS RED HOT!





THIS LOOKS LIKE THE VACANT LOFT BUILDING, ERIE. LET'S TRY THE ALLEY FOR A DOOR.

HUDSON ST.

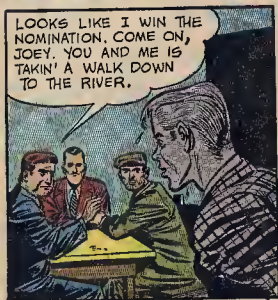


JOEY TURNED SQUEALER -- GIVIN' THEM DIAGRAMS TO HIS SISTER WHO'S A PAL OF THAT PRIVATE DICK, CUTTER. I SAY WE SHOULD DUMP HIM.

YEAH, YER RIGHT, SHARPY. JOEY'S NOTHIN' BUT A YELLOW RAT!



OKAY. THE GUY WITH THE SHORT MATCHSTICK BLOWS JOEY'S BRAINS OUT. GO AHEAD AND TAKE, BUZZ!

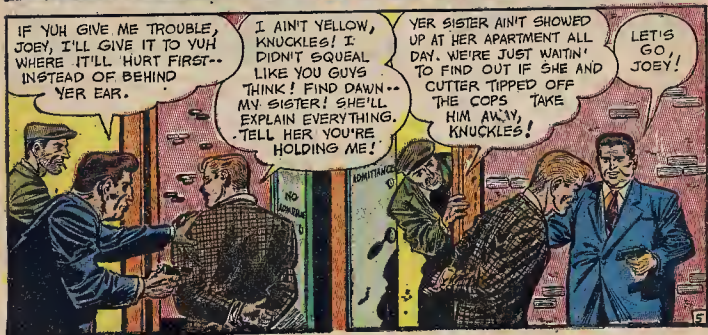


LOOKS LIKE I WIN THE NOMINATION. COME ON, JOEY. YOU AND ME IS TAKIN' A WALK DOWN TO THE RIVER.



SHH! STOP SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR, ERIE. THAT'S ENOUGH TO LET ME KNOW THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING INSIDE. WE'LL WAIT A SPELL-- BACK IN THE SHADOWS.

NO ADMITTANCE



IF YUH GIVE ME TROUBLE, JOEY, I'LL GIVE IT TO YUH WHERE IT'LL HURT FIRST-- INSTEAD OF BEHIND YER EAR.

I AIN'T YELLOW, KNUCKLES! I DIDN'T SQUEAL LIKE YOU GUYS THINK! FIND DAWN-- MY SISTER! SHE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. TELL HER YOU'RE HOLDING ME!

YER SISTER AIN'T SHOWED UP AT HER APARTMENT ALL DAY. WE'RE JUST WAITIN' TO FIND OUT IF SHE AND CUTTER TIPPED OFF THE COPS. TAKE HIM AWAY, KNUCKLES!

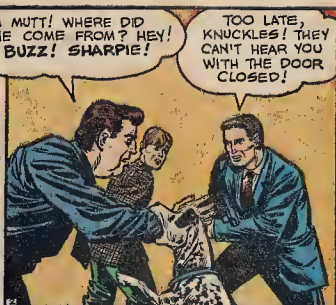
LET'S GO, JOEY!



GRAB HIS SLEEVE, ERIE -- AND HOLD IT!

EH, WHAT TH'--?

NO ADMITTANCE



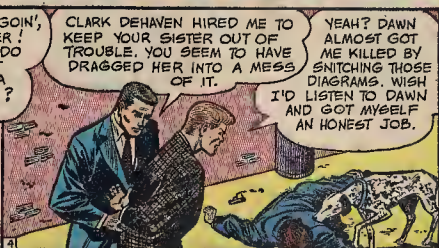
A MUTT! WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HEY! BUZZ! SHARPIE!

TOO LATE, KNUCKLES! THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THE DOOR CLOSED!



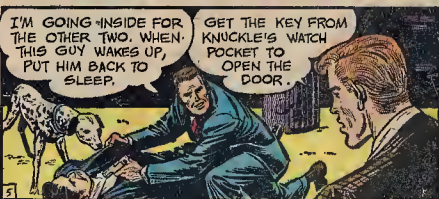
CR-R-RUNCH! PEOPLE WHO HAVE GLASS JAWS SHOULDN'T THROW THEIR WEIGHT AROUND -- MEANING YOU, KNUCKLES!

NICE GOIN', MISTER! YOU DO THAT FOR A LIVIN'?



CLARK DEHAVEN HIRED ME TO KEEP YOUR SISTER OUT OF TROUBLE. YOU SEEM TO HAVE DRAGGED HER INTO A MESS OF IT.

YEAH? DAWN ALMOST GOT ME KILLED BY SNITCHING THOSE DIAGRAM. WISH I'D LISTEN TO DAWN AND GOT MYSELF AN HONEST JOB.

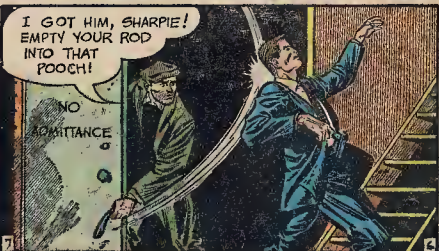


I'M GOING INSIDE FOR THE OTHER TWO. WHEN THIS GUY WAKES UP, PUT HIM BACK TO SLEEP.

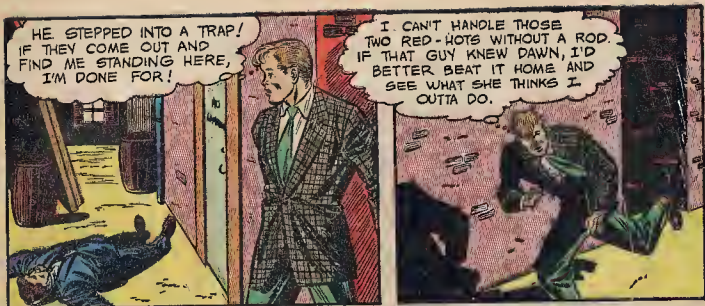
GET THE KEY FROM KNUCKLE'S WATCH POCKET TO OPEN THE DOOR.



EASY, NOW, ERIE!



I GOT HIM, SHARPIE! EMPTY YOUR ROD INTO THAT POOCH!



HE STEPPED INTO A TRAP!
IF THEY COME OUT AND
FIND ME STANDING HERE,
I'M DONE FOR!

I CAN'T HANDLE THOSE
TWO RED-HOTS WITHOUT A ROD.
IF THAT GUY KNEW DAWN,
I'D BETTER BEAT IT HOME AND
SEE WHAT SHE THINKS I
OUTTA DO.



LATER...

HEY -- DAWN!
DAWN! OH-OH,
SHE AIN'T HOME.
MAYBE I'D BETTER
WAIT.



OH, JOEY! YOU'RE AT
THE APARTMENT! I'VE
BEEN PHONING EVERY
HALF HOUR, HOPING
YOU'D RETURN.
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT?



YEAH, DAWN -- BUT THE GUY
WHO SAVED ME WENT BACK FOR
THE GANG AND I'M AFRAID THEY
GOT HIM. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
GRAB A RATTLER IN THE
FREIGHT YARDS
AND LAM OUTTA
TOWN?

NO, JOEY.
MEET ME AT
THE PARKVIEW
PLAZA.
HURRY!



OH, JOEY! JOEY! THANK
HEAVENS NOTHING HAPPENED
TO YOU! WHERE DID YOU
LEAVE VIC CUTTER?

WE CAN'T GO
THERE, DAWN!
IT'D BE
SUICIDE!



YOU GOT ME INTO THIS
MESS, TRYING TO MAKE
YOU GO STRAIGHT, JOEY.
WE'RE SEEING IT THROUGH--
NO MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS!

YOU'RE
CRAZY,
DAWN! THE
GANG WILL
KILL
US !!

HOTEL
PARKVIEW

DOCTOR
LOUNGE

TAXI

FLOOR

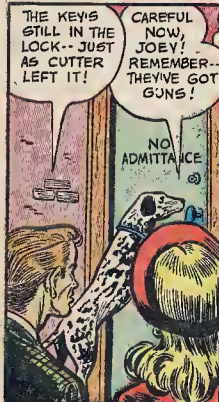
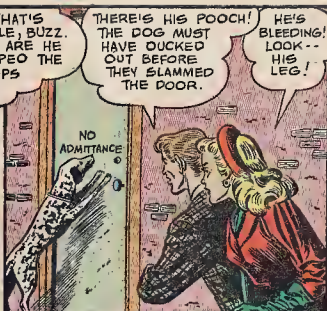
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YEAH--THAT'S THE ANGLE, BUZZ. CHANCES ARE HE AIN'T TIPPED THE THE COPS YET.

THERE'S HIS POOCH! THE DOG MUST HAVE DUCKED OUT BEFORE THEY SLAMMED THE DOOR.

HE'S BLEEDING! LOOK-- HIS LEG!



THE KEYS STILL IN THE LOCK-- JUST AS CUTTER LEFT IT!

CAREFUL NOW, JOEY! REMEMBER-- THEY'VE GOT GUNS!

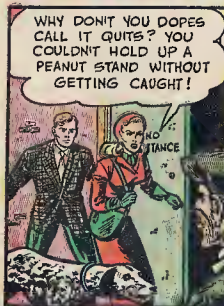


JOEY'S LOOSE! HIS SISTER CAME-- AND THE GUY WHO HOPPED ME MUST'VE BUSTED INSIDE WITH HIS POOCH! MY GUN -- THEY TOOK MY GUN!



HEY! LOOK WHO'S COMIN' IN! JOEY AND HIS SISTER!

AN' THE POOCH. WHO DUCKED OUT WHEN WE TRIED TO SHOOT HIM. EASY, BUZZ. DON'T SAY NOTHIN' TILL WE'RE SURE THEY'RE ALONE!



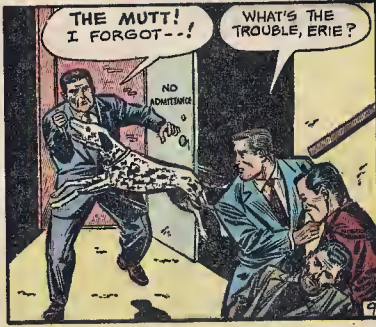
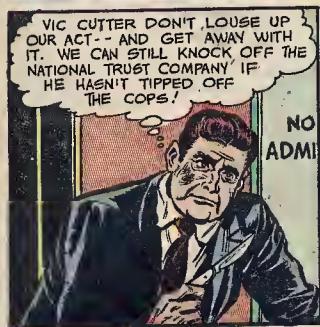
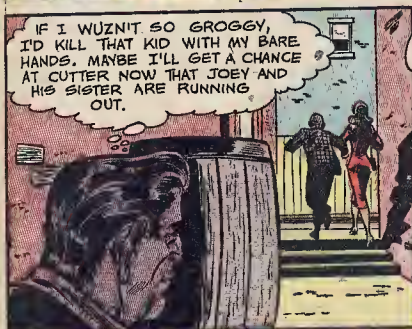
WHY DON'T YOU DOPES CALL IT QUITS? YOU COULDN'T HOLD UP A PEANUT STAND WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT!

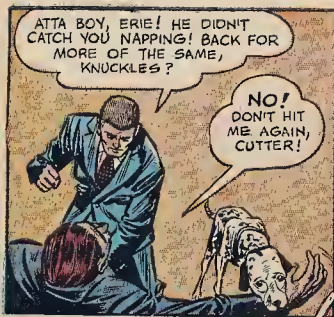


DON'T KID YOURSELF, SISTER! WE'RE BIG TIME STUFF. IF WE HADN'T TAKEN YOUR KID BROTHER IN, THERE'D BEEN NO HITCH!



GRAB HIS SLEEVE, ERIE! TOUCHDOWN, PUNK!





ATTA BOY, ERIE! HE DIDN'T CATCH YOU NAPPING! BACK FOR MORE OF THE SAME, KNUCKLES?

NO! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, CUTTER!



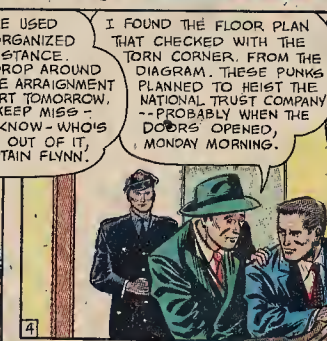
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME, VIC? MISS YOU-KNOW-WHO PHONED.

THREE MUGS. FOR YOU FLYNN! BET YOU A NEW HAT YOU'LL FIND THE BANK FLOOR PLAN AND GETAWAY CHART ON ONE OF THEM.



YOU WIN THE HAT, VIC! LOOKS LIKE THEY GAVE YOU AND ERIE A ROUGH TIME, EH?

WE'RE USED TO ORGANIZED RESISTANCE. I'LL DROP AROUND FOR THE ARRAIGNMENT IN COURT TOMORROW. JUST KEEP MISS YOU-KNOW-WHO'S NAME OUT OF IT, CAPTAIN FLYNN.



I FOUND THE FLOOR PLAN THAT CHECKED WITH THE TORN CORNER. FROM THE DIAGRAM. THESE PUNKS PLANNED TO HEIST THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY -- PROBABLY WHEN THE DOORS OPENED, MONDAY MORNING.

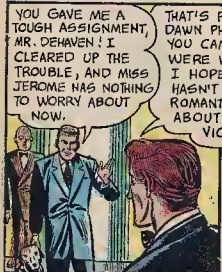
YOU CAN SEND THEM BACK TO PRISON FOR PAROLE VIOLATION, ASSAULT, CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS AND INTENT TO ROB. A GOOD JUDGE WILL GIVE THEM TWENTY YEARS!



LATER

LET'S WALK OVER TO CLARK DEHAVEN'S ERIE. WE NEED A BREATH OF AIR AFTER BEING IN THAT DUSTY WAREHOUSE.

NO ADMITTANCE



YOU GAVE ME A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, MR. DEHAVEN! I CLEARED UP THE TROUBLE, AND MISS JEROME HAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW.

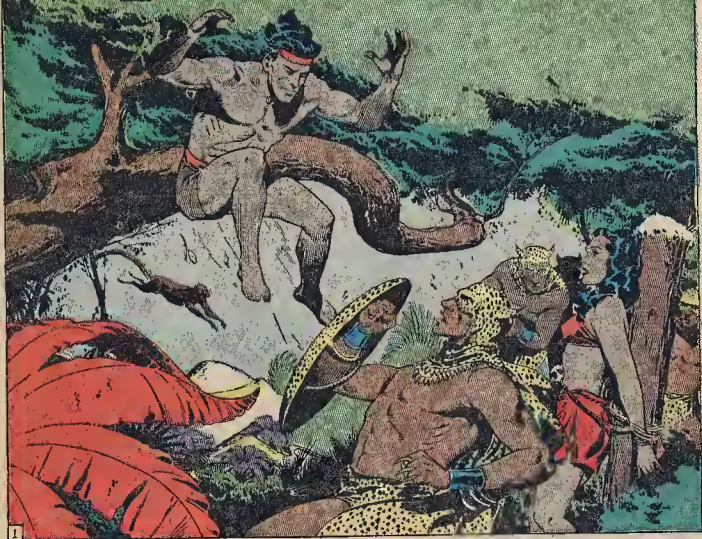
THAT'S FINE, VIC! DAWN PHONED BEFORE YOU CAME -- SAID YOU WERE WONDERFUL. I HOPE SHE HASN'T ANY ROMANTIC IDEAS ABOUT YOU, VIC.



DAWN WAS HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HER KID BROTHER, WASN'T SHE? YOU AND YOUR DOG GOT INVOLVED IN A LITTLE FIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

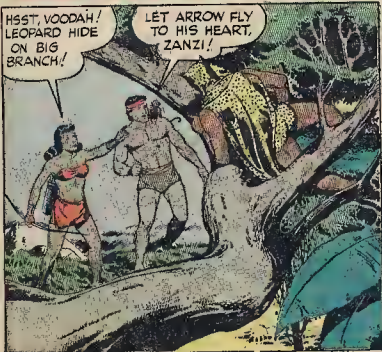
YES, BUT I'LL LET MISS JEROME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. YOU ENGAGED ME -- REMEMBER -- TO ELIMINATE HER WORRIES. I CARRIED OUT THE ASSIGNMENT. THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SAY, MR. DEHAVEN.

VOODAH



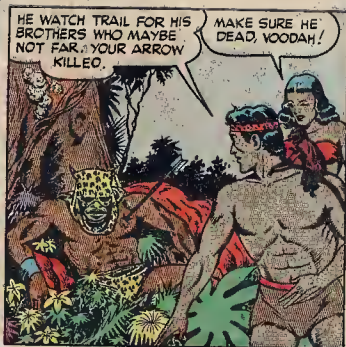
HSST, VOODAH!
LEOPARD HIDE
ON BIG
BRANCH!

LET ARROW FLY
TO HIS HEART,
ZANZI!

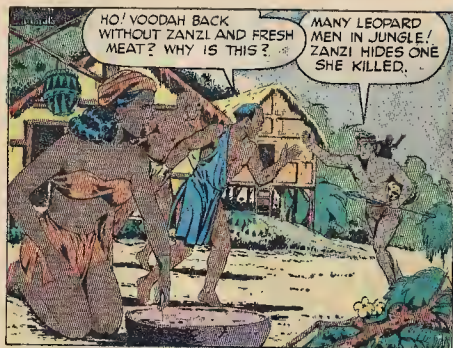


SILENCE, CHEEKO!
SPOTTED CAT KILLS
FOR PLEASURE!









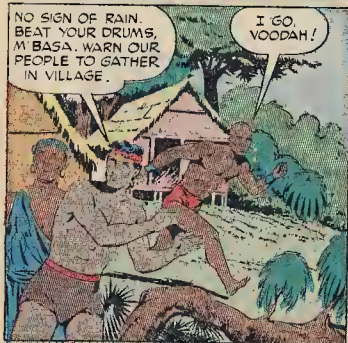
HO! VOODAH BACK WITHOUT ZANZI AND FRESH MEAT? WHY IS THIS?

MANY LEOPARD MEN IN JUNGLE! ZANZI HIDES ONE SHE KILLED.



NO RAIN COME TO LEOPARD MAN'S HUNTING GROUND. THEY FOLLOW BEASTS WHO COME HERE FOR WATER.

RAINY SEASON START ANY DAY NOW. LEOPARD MEN GO BACK-MAYBE?

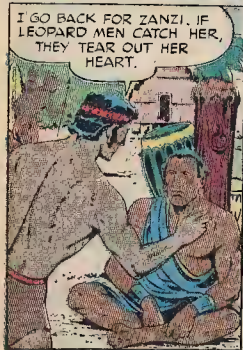


NO SIGN OF RAIN. BEAT YOUR DRUMS, M'BASA. WARN OUR PEOPLE TO GATHER IN VILLAGE.

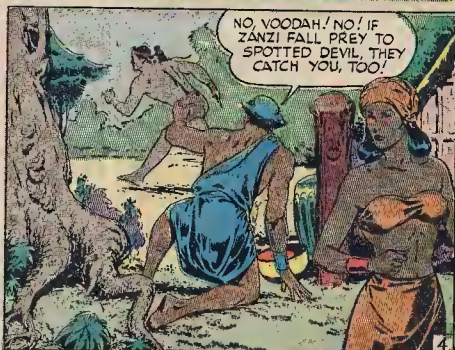
I GO, VOODAH!



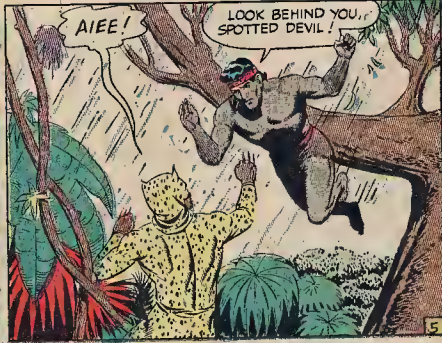
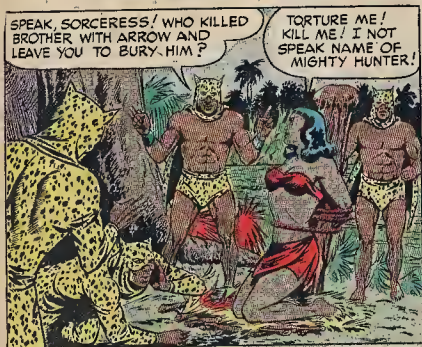
STRANGE! ZANZI DO NOT COME BACK!

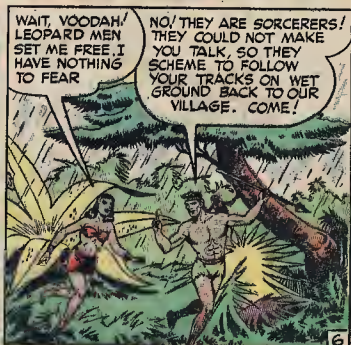
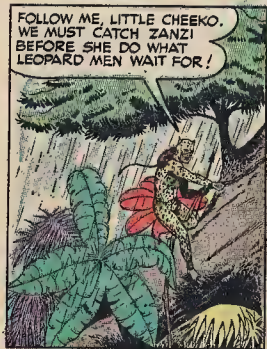


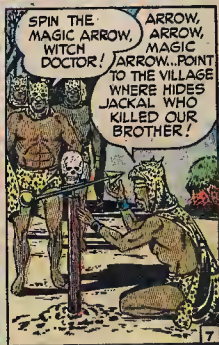
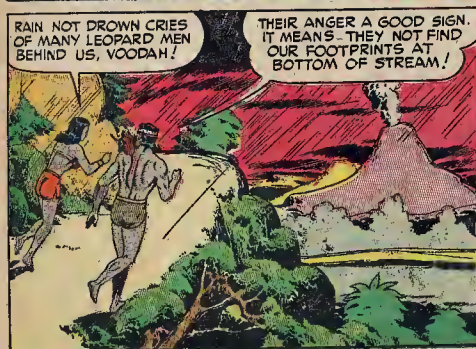
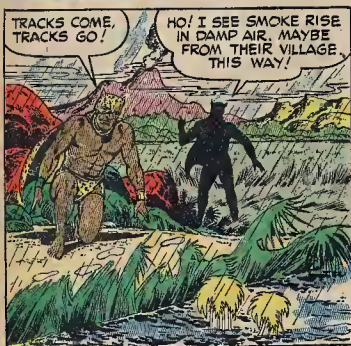
I GO BACK FOR ZANZI. IF LEOPARD MEN CATCH HER, THEY TEAR OUT HER HEART.



NO, VOODAH! NO! IF ZANZI FALL PREY TO SPOTTED DEVIL, THEY CATCH YOU, TOO!

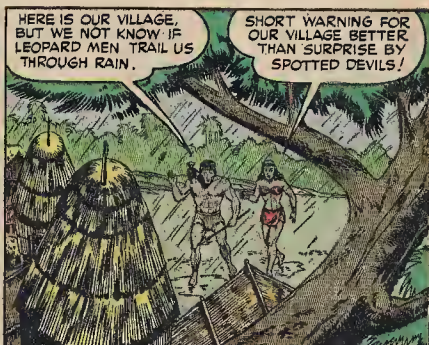






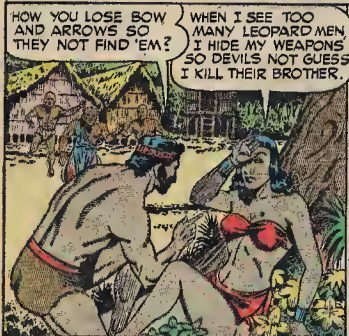


HIYAH! MAGIC ARROW
POINT TO VALLEY.
FOLLOW ME, FIERCE
LEOPARDS! WE AVENGE
OUR BROTHER'S DEATH!



HERE IS OUR VILLAGE,
BUT WE NOT KNOW IF
LEOPARD MEN TRAIL US
THROUGH RAIN.

SHORT WARNING FOR
OUR VILLAGE BETTER
THAN SURPRISE BY
SPOTTED DEVILS!



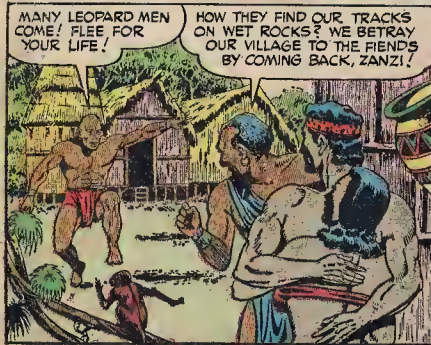
HOW YOU LOSE BOW
AND ARROWS SO
THEY NOT FIND 'EM?

WHEN I SEE TOO
MANY LEOPARD MEN,
I HIDE MY WEAPONS
SO DEVILS NOT GUESS
I KILL THEIR BROTHER.



RAINS COME—SO
MAYBE LEOPARD
MEN FOLLOW
HERDS BACK TO
THEIR HUNTING
LANDS.

NO! THEY NOT COME
HERE FOR ANTELOPE
MEAT. I HEAR THEM
SAY SOLDIERS WITH
FIRE STICKS DRIVE THEM
FROM THEIR LAND!



MANY LEOPARD MEN
COME! FLEE FOR
YOUR LIFE!

HOW THEY FIND OUR TRACKS
ON WET ROCKS? WE BETRAY
OUR VILLAGE TO THE FIENDS
BY COMING BACK, ZANZI!



YOU, VOODAH!
YOU BRING
DEVIL KILLERS
TO OUR
VILLAGE!

SILENCE, AGED
ONE! VOODAH
WOULD DIE
MANY TIMES
TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE.
HE WILL SAVE US
NOW!



OUR VILLAGE NOT PREPARED FOR ATTACK. DEATH WILL CATCH THOSE WHO DO NOT FLEE.

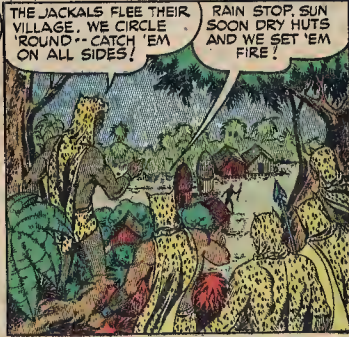
BUT IF LEOPARD MEN COME FROM ALL SIDES, EVEN THOSE WHO FLEE WILL BE TRAPPED!

LEOPARD MEN FEAR SOLDIER'S FIRE STICKS. WHITE HUNTER LEAVE THESE FIRE STICK SHELLS MANY MOONS AGO. MAYBE I MAKE 'EM WORK MAGIC.

NO, VOODAH, THEY ONLY ARROWS. YOU NOT HAVE FIRE STICK TO USE FOR BOW.

THE JACKALS FLEE THEIR VILLAGE. WE CIRCLE 'ROUND-- CATCH 'EM ON ALL SIDES!

RAIN STOP, SUN SOON DRY HUTS AND WE SET 'EM FIRE!

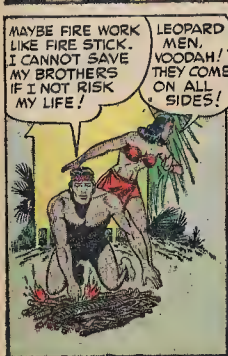


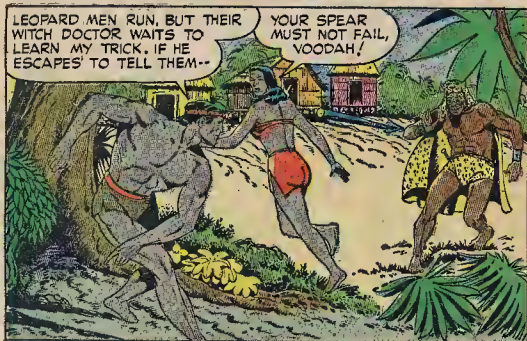
MAYBE FIRE WORK LIKE FIRE STICK. I CANNOT SAVE MY BROTHERS IF I NOT RISK MY LIFE!

LEOPARD MEN, VOODAH! THEY COME ON ALL SIDES!

QUICK, ZANZI! UP TO THE HIGHEST BRANCHES!

SPOTTED DEVILS COME TO KILL--BUT THEY RUN WHEN I DROP FIRE STICK BELT INTO FIRE!





RATTLESNAKE HILL

by Paul Norton

Dave Grover worked part-time at the Highway Service Station. That's where he first met Cliff Warner, the snake man from the carnival that went "bust" in Oakville.

Cliff careened his open-air jalopy into the station one evening and said to fill 'er up. He had red hair and a wide grin that was catching. "Know of any rattlesnakes handy?" he asked Dave without any build-up.

Dave, of course, was surprised. "Rattlers?" He echoed. Was this guy kidding?

"Yep—rattlesnakes. Big, fat, healthy ones," Cliff explained, grinning. "I make a business of 'milking' 'em. I could use a partner who knows the lay of the land around here. You find 'em and I do the rest."

Dave was skeptical at first. What would anyone in their right senses want with rattlesnakes, anyway?

Cliff said the venom—poison—was useful medically. An Eastern laboratory bought all they could get, and paid a good price. "It's really simple, if you know snakes. First you find the rattlers, then we catch 'em. I'll take care of milking the venom."

It sounded fantastic, so more out of curiosity than hope of adding to his funds earmarked "College Money," Dave fell in with the scheme.

"Okay. It's a deal. About ten miles south of here there's a place called Rattlesnake Hill. Everybody avoids the spot. Too dangerous..."

Cliff nodded. "Just the ticket. I'll pick you up Saturday morning. Okay?"

Early Saturday, Cliff Warner and Dave Grover rambled along in the open car, headed for Rattlesnake Hill and a poison-hunting expedition. The back seat of the old car was piled with special equipment: a small can of white paint, two forked sticks, several short lengths of new stove pipe, a case of small bottles and two pairs of heavy gloves. And of course, their lunch.

A short distance out of town a State Police car was parked alongside the road. The troop-

er waved them to a halt. "Where you guys headed?" he asked.

Cliff explained their business to the surprised cop. After viewing their identification papers—although he knew Dave by sight—he voiced his disapproval of their project.

"Anyone who fools around with rattlesnakes when he can avoid it is crazy! I should run you two in—just on general principles."

Dave knew something was in the wind to have made the trooper so peevish. "You watching for something special?" he asked.

"Yes," admitted the trooper, "he's something 'special', all right. Sammy 'The Blink' escaped from State's Prison last night. Killed a tower guard making his getaway. But he's an easy guy to spot—blinks his eyes all the time. All the highways are blockaded and he hasn't a chance of slipping through."

The officer waved them on, still grumbling to himself about messing around with snakes when you didn't have to.

The day was perfect, hot and clear. The rattlesnakes would be basking in the sun on the rocks.

The surrounding country was barren except for stunted sagebrush and brown, dried-up desert weeds. A jumbled heap of bleak rocks lay off to the right of the highway. They left the road and went jouncing over the rocks and sand. Rattlesnake Hill lay straight ahead: an uninviting heap of hostile rocks.

About one hundred yards from the edge of the hill they had to park the car. It was too rough to continue on wheels. "It's Shank's mare from here on," Cliff said cheerfully.

They gathered up the needed equipment and began a laborious ascent up the broken-up mound.

"This place is alive with rattlers," Dave warned, and paused, eyes searching the rocks ahead. Then they heard the first warning buzz. A big fellow, about five feet long was coiled and ready to spring, just ahead of them. A musky odor—the reptile smell—was strong in their nostrils now.

Cliff warned Dave back with a wave of his

hand. He advanced warily, pronged stick outstretched toward the enraged snake. The hum of rattles sent a chill into Dave's blood. The sound was more nerve-wracking than the rasp of a file on flexible steel.

The rattler struck at Cliff's stick. He expertly pinned it to the ground, the fork about an inch behind the head with its wildly gnashing fangs.

In fascination, Dave watched Cliff reach down and grasp it firmly behind the head. "Wheel! isn't he a lively beauty?" Cliff said admiringly. "Enough venom in that baby to kill ten horses!"

Dave shivered, but remembered his instructions. He took one of the bottle from his knapsack. It was the special "milking jar" and had a wide mouth that was covered with a thin piece of rubber, like a toy balloon, stretched taut over the opening.

Holding the jar by the bottom, Dave extended it toward the rattler's head. Obliging, the mouth opened wide and Cliff pressed the long fangs through the film of rubber. He carefully massaged the poison pouches, one on each side of the rattler's head. His fingers worked the venom forward, forcing it out through the hollow fangs. It hung there, drops of amber evil, dripping lazily into the bottom of the jar. When the fangs were withdrawn the remaining poison hanging to them was scraped clean by the rubber.

Cliff noted the amount of venom caught, and chuckled with satisfaction. He daubed a bit of white paint on the back of the "dry" snake, for identification, and released him.

Dave was astonished at this. "Why didn't you kill it?" he asked.

"Why should I kill it?" Cliff asked matter-of-factly. "It'll grow more poison. Just like a herd of cows. That's a good healthy snake. Its poison is used in treating some types of paralysis, among other things. Who knows? Maybe that fellow's saved a life!"

It was an entirely new idea to Dave — the fact that a rattler might have some good use.

They gradually worked their way around the hill, repeating the same process with every snake they captured. Cliff Warner said it was the best "find" he'd run across in a long time. There seemed to be no end to the rattlers in this huge rocky nest.

They were struck at many times by vicious fangs, but thanks to Cliff's snake knowledge there was no harm done.

Finally, in mid-afternoon, hunger made Cliff

aware that it was late. "Let's head back for the car," he suggested. "We'll eat lunch and still have about an hour left before the sun quits on us. The snakes will crawl back into their holes then."

They started picking their way back around the rocky hill, when a shout made them both look up. Someone was searching through the car, had spotted them and yelled. The strange man came running toward them, bounding along, an automatic in his hand and a snarl on his lips.

"Hey!" Cliff shouted in warning, "don't come up here!"

Dave realized instantly what would happen. The snakes . . . He waved his arms in the air, trying to signal for the fellow to stay back.

On he came, shouting something about a key . . . the car key. He started up the bottom of the rocky slope. Then a scream of terror reached the two on top of the hill. Wildly the man fired the automatic, seven shots in quick succession. He'd emptied the gun — shooting at the rattlers. He screamed again, staggered a few steps more, tottered, slipped and fell. He climbed to his feet, weaving, and crying his fear.

"Come on," Cliff called to Dave. "He's bitten — I'll bet ten snakes hit him in the last twenty feet!"

They trotted down the rough slope, Rattlers buzzed angrily all around them, resenting the disturbance. On the ground lay Sammy The Blink, no doubt of it. He looked dazed, his eyes blinking rapidly.

"I — I'm snake-bit," he groaned. "Do something! Help me!"

Cliff knelt and rolled up the escaped convict's trouser legs. There were a dozen or more tiny twin punctures in the skin. Cliff shook his head. Anti-snake-bite wouldn't do this fellow any good.

"Why didn't you stop when we warned you?" Cliff asked.

"Stop — ? Why should I stop? Why don't they bite you? It looked safe . . . had to have your car . . . getaway . . ." his voice trailed away to nothing.

"They can't bite us," Cliff said. He pulled up one of his pants legs and displayed the lengths of tin stove pipe he wore under his trousers. "They can't bite through tin, and we were careful to keep our hands out of striking distance."

But Sammy The Blink, unconscious, didn't hear. He never did know where he had made his mistake — not unless St. Peter told him.

Minnie Soo

and

LITTLE HAHA

IT'S A DAY FOR SWIMMING, SO MINNIE SOO AND LITTLE HAHA ARE RIDING PAINT BRUSH AND BEEHIVE, THEIR PONIES, ON THE WAY TO THE POND! LITTLE SLOO PUMPER RIDES BEHIND LITTLE HAHA AND WATCHES PINNY THE PATRIDGE, RACKY THE COON, AND DEWDROP THE SKUNK, TAG ALONG WITH THEM!

THIS IS A BEE-OOTIFUL DAY FOR SWIMMING! ISN'T IT, LITTLE HAHA?

YAH! WE CAN DIVE OFF THE BACKS OF BEEHIVE AN' PAINT BRUSH AN' HAVE A LOT OF FUN!

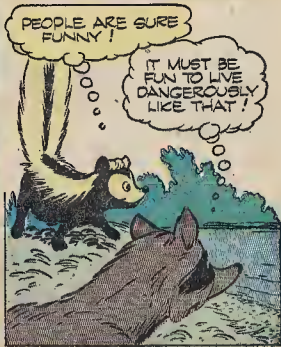
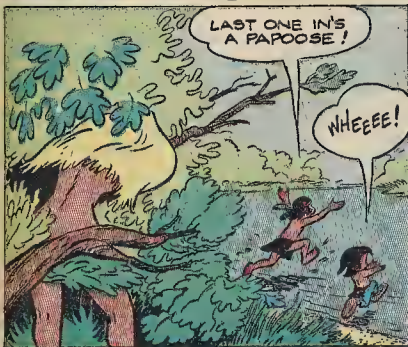


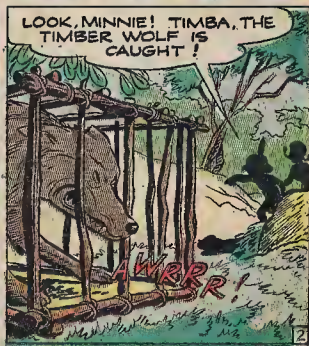
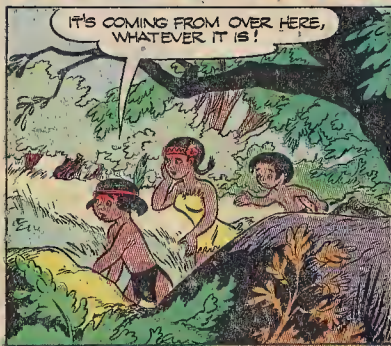
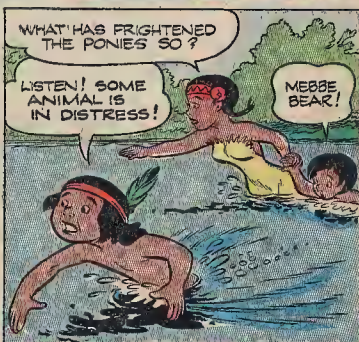
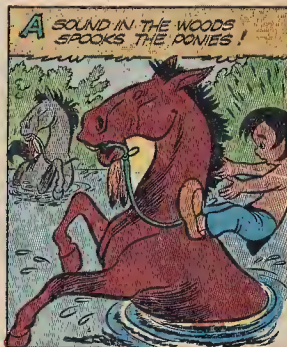
LAST ONE IN'S A PAPOOSE!

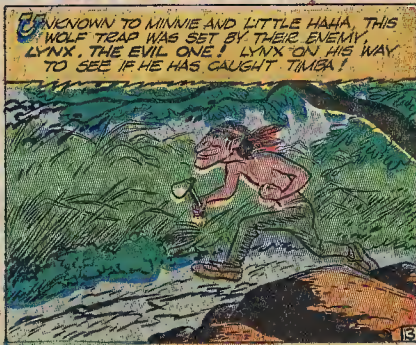
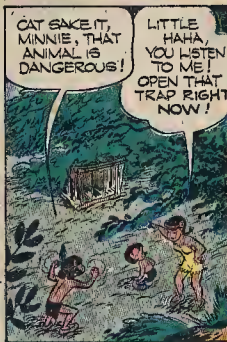
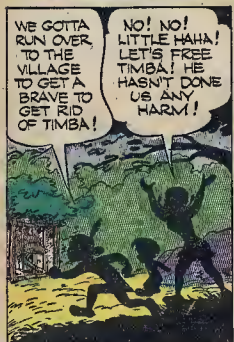
WHEEEE!

PEOPLE ARE SURE FUNNY!

IT MUST BE FUN TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY LIKE THAT!







I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES! I KNOW I'VE CAUGHT TIMBA! AW, WHAT A PRIZE HE IS! THE SOO HAVE TRIED TO GET HIM FOR MANY, MANY MOONS!



AW, HECK! HAVE IT YOUR WAY, THEN!

SEE, LITTLE HAHHA! TIMBA IS SMILING NOW!

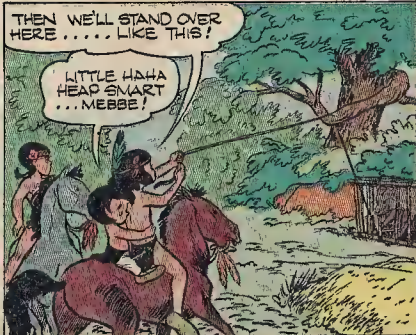


I'LL TIE A THONG TO THE TRAP DOOR, FIRST! I SURE HOPE THE SOO DON'T HEAR OF THIS!



THEN WE'LL STAND OVER HERE LIKE THIS!

LITTLE HAHHA HEAD SMART ... MEBBE!



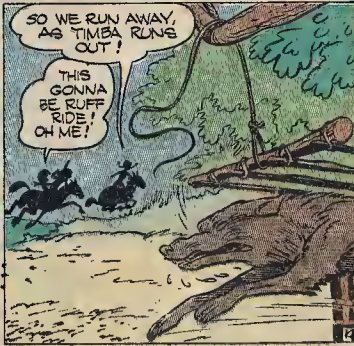
THEN I'LL THROW IT OVER THE LIMB, LIKE THIS!

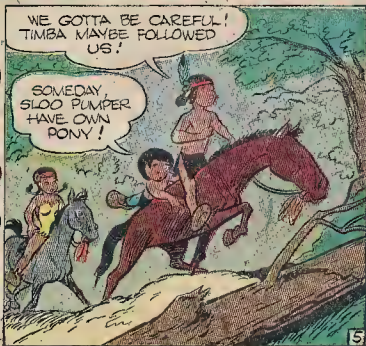
AN' WHEN I PULLS THE THONG WHICH OPENS THE DOOR ... LIKE THIS ...



SO WE RUN AWAY, AS TIMBA RUNS OUT!

THIS GONNA BE RUFF RIDE! ON ME!





OUR PETS CAN'T
BE FAR AWAY!
THEY'RE MAYBE TOO
SCARED TO SHOW
THEMSELVES!



**LYNX HAS FOUND
THE PONY TRACKS**

I WAS
RIGHT!
THOSE
KIDS DID
IT! I
WONDER
IF SLOO
PUMPER
IS WITH
'EM!



**AS LYNX BEGINS HIS HUNT
FOR MINNIE, SLOO AND
LITTLE HABA ... AND SLOO
PUMPER ... LITTLE DOES HE
KNOW THAT TIMBA IS
LURKING NEARBY FOR REVENGE!**

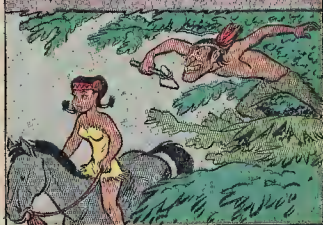


HERE PINNY!
HERE RACKY!
HERE DEWDROP!



AHA! THEY COME
BACK, RIGHT
INTO MY TRAP!

**LYNX WAITS FOR HIS PREY TO
COME CLOSE ... THEN LEAPS!**



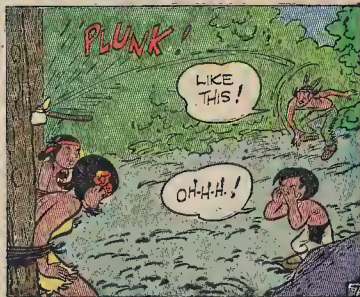
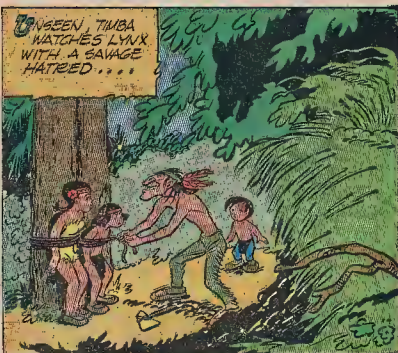
OH-HA!!

NOW I'VE
GOT YA!!



HELP! LITTLE HABA!
HELP!!





SCARE YA? I CN DO AWAY WITH YOU 'R LEAVE YOU FOR TIMBA! THEN I'LL TAKE SLOO PUMPER WITH ME! HEH! HEH!



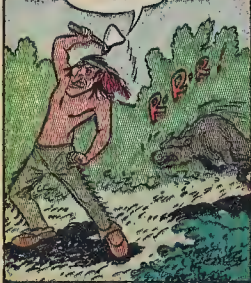
YOU DON'T DARE! CHIEF BIG PANTHER AN' HIS WARRIORS WILL TRACK YOU DOWN!



DON'T DARE? HA! TH' LYNX WILL DARE ANYTHING!



WATCH THIS, LITTLE HAHA! I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINNIE FIRST!



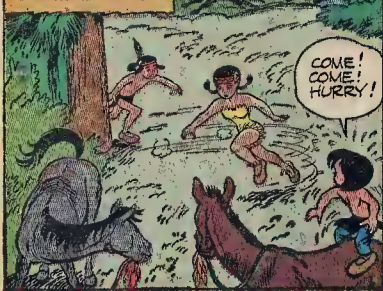
TIMBA LEAPS UPON THE STARTLED LYNX!



LITTLE HAHA STRETCHES TO ONE SIDE... THE TOMAHAWK SLASHES DOWN TO CUT THE THONGS!



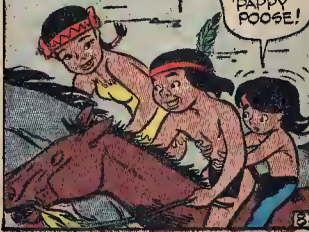
SO LITTLE HAHA HURRIEDLY FREES MINNIE!



SEE? TIMBA IS A GOOD WOLF! HE SAVED US!

YEAH! HE SAVED US TO CATCH SOME OTHER TIME!

WE GOIN' BACK TO PAPPY POOSE!



BART STEWART

BOLLE
STARR



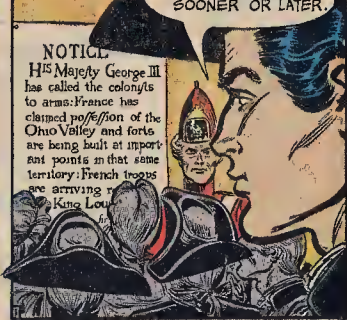
ON HIS WAY TO HIS SHIPPING COMPANY, BART STEWART NOTICES A CROWD THAT HAS BEEN ATTRACTED BY A NOTICE-POSTED BY THE BRITISH COLONIAL GOVERNMENT--



SO IT'S COME! OPEN WARFARE WITH THE FRENCH -- KING LOUIS AND KING GEORGE HAVE BEEN SIMMERING FOR A LONG TIME. IT WAS BOUND TO COME TO A BOIL SOONER OR LATER.

NOTICE

HIS Majesty George III has called the colony's to arms: France has claimed possession of the Ohio Valley and forts are being built at important points in that same territory: French troops are arriving near King Louis.



I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE SHIPPING COMPANY AND GET MY AFFAIRS IN ORDER. THE COLONISTS MUST GO TO WAR AGAINST THE FRENCH TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS.

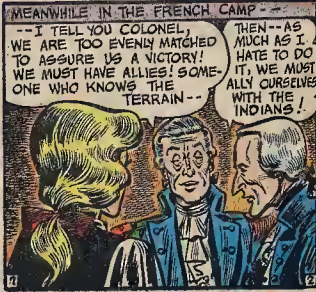
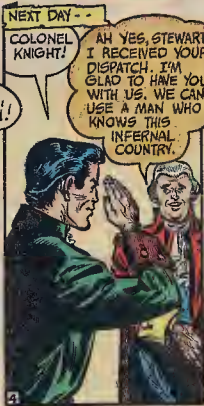


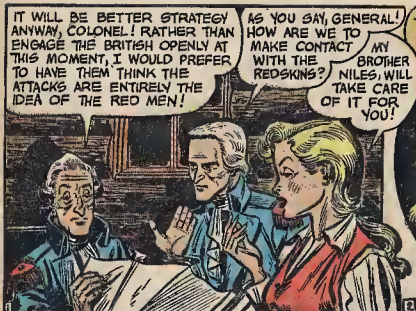
HO, BART! HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

YES! I'M AFRAID IT MEANS A HITCH IN THE ARMY FOR SOME OF US!

THAT INCLUDES ME, BART.







IT WILL BE BETTER STRATEGY ANYWAY, COLONEL! RATHER THAN ENGAGE THE BRITISH OPENLY AT THIS MOMENT, I WOULD PREFER TO HAVE THEM THINK THE ATTACKS ARE ENTIRELY THE IDEA OF THE RED MEN!

AS YOU SAY, GENERAL! HOW ARE WE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE REDSKINS? MY BROTHER NILES, WILL TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YOU!



--HE IS WANTED BY THE BRITISH AND HAS HAD TO LIVE AWAY FROM THE SETTLEMENTS THUS MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE INDIANS. TWO TRIBES HAVE MADE HIM BLOOD BROTHER!

ARE YOU SURE HE CAN GET THEM TO OUR SIDE?



WITH CERTAINTY! YOU WILL SUPPLY HIM WITH GUNS, LIQUOR AND OTHER THINGS THE INDIANS WILL WANT. HE WILL ARRANGE FOR AND LEAD THE ATTACKS AGAINST THE BRITISH.

IT IS SETTLED THEN. GOOD LUCK M'AM'SELLE!



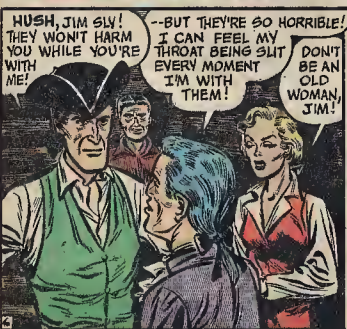
SABA RIDES OFF TO REPORT TO HER BROTHER, NILES --



SABA! WHAT NEWS?

IT'S ALL SETTLED. WE'RE TO CONTACT THE INDIANS IMMEDIATELY.

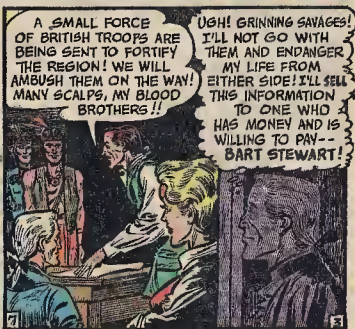
I HATE INDIANS.



HUSH, JIM SLY! THEY WON'T HARM YOU WHILE YOU'RE WITH ME!

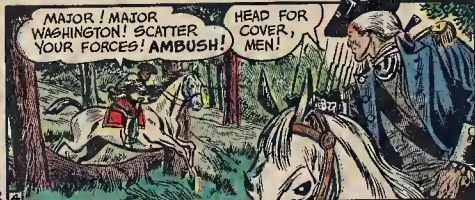
--BUT THEY'RE SO HORRIBLE! I CAN FEEL MY THROAT BEING SLIT EVERY MOMENT I'M WITH THEM!

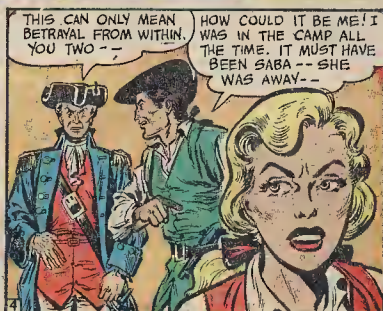
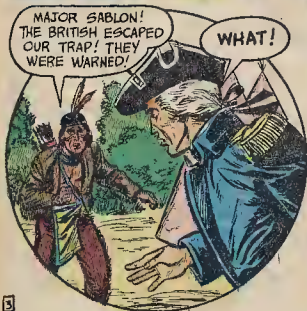
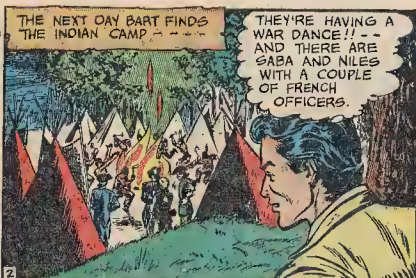
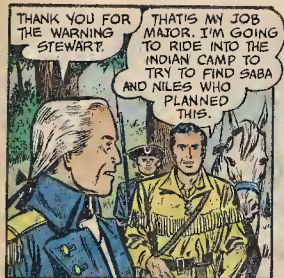
DON'T BE AN OLD WOMAN, JIM!



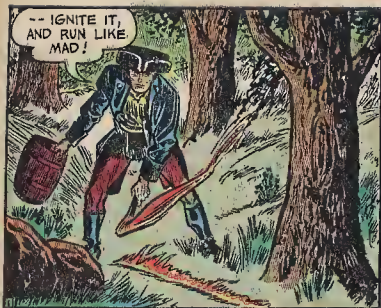
A SMALL FORCE OF BRITISH TROOPS ARE BEING SENT TO FORTIFY THE REGION! WE WILL AMBUSH THEM ON THE WAY! MANY SCALPS, MY BLOOD BROTHERS!!

UGH! GRINNING SAVAGES! I'LL NOT GO WITH THEM AND ENDANGER MY LIFE FROM EITHER SIDE! I'LL SELL THIS INFORMATION TO ONE WHO HAS MONEY AND IS WILLING TO PAY-- BART STEWART!









-- WHILE EVERYONE IS RUNNING FROM THE EXPLOSION, BART RUSHES TO FREE SABA --

QUIET! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M RISKING MY NECK FOR YOU - SO TRY NOT TO GIVE ME AWAY!

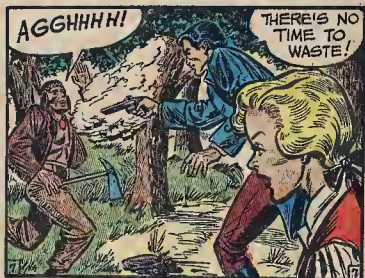
BART STEWART!



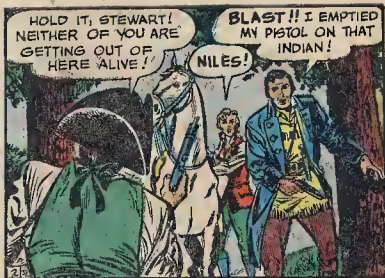
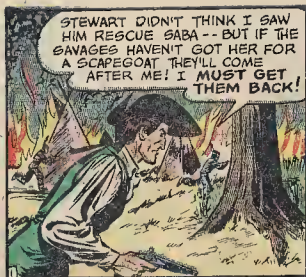
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP I'LL LEAVE YOU RIGHT HERE. MY HORSE IS BY THE RIVER, JUST A SHORT DISTANCE.



AN INDIAN!



THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!



JUST THEN THE FIRE GETS TO ANOTHER POWDER SUPPLY AND--



BART'S HORSE IS STARTLED BY THE SECOND BLAST--AND REARS IN TIME TO RUIN NILES' AIM--



VIC CUTTER

CASE OF THE CONFUSED KILLER

COME ON, LAURA. YOU AND I AND ERIE ARE HEADING FOR A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY....



"I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T ETHICAL FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN TO RUN OUT ON A CLIENT, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE PRESSURE OF WORK GETS UNBEARABLE. THE PARTICULAR FRIDAY AFTERNOON OF WHICH I SPEAK WAS SUCH A DAY...."

THAT MUST BE YOUR WOULD-BE CLIENT'S CAR, VIC. HE'S CERTAINLY PERSISTENT.

I'LL SIMPLY BREAK A TRAFFIC LAW AND DRIVE AROUND HIM. WE'RE TAKING THAT RIDE, LAURA.



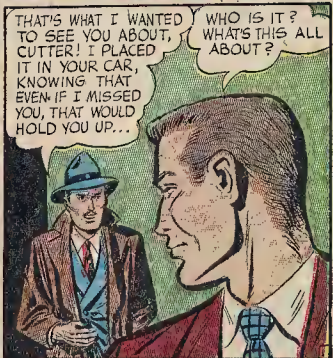
EEEEEE! VIC, LOOK! A... A...

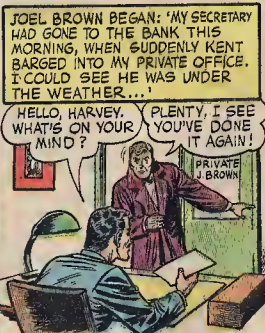
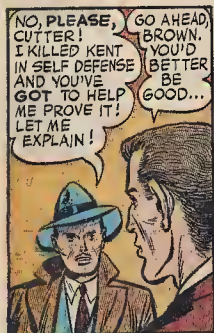
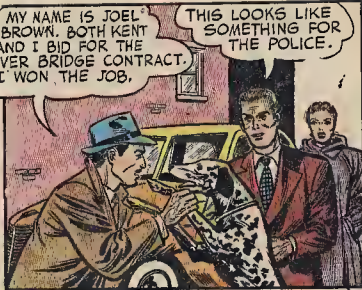
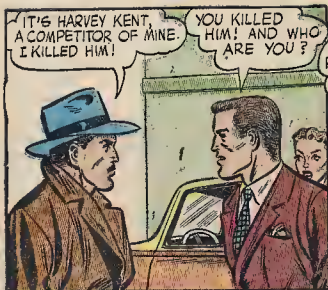
A CORPSE! GOOD HEAVENS!



THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT, CUTTER! I PLACED IT IN YOUR CAR, KNOWING THAT EVEN IF I MISSED YOU, THAT WOULD HOLD YOU UP...

WHO IS IT? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?





'I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF MY OFFICE FLOOR. I WAS SHOCKED AND DAZED. VAGUELY I REMEMBER SEEING KENT STUMBLE OUT OF MY OFFICE...'



'I KNEW I HAD TO FIND KENT AND HAVE HIM LOCKED UP. I WAS AFRAID TO TAKE THE ELEVATORS. I RUSHED WILDLY DOWN THE STAIRS...'



WHERE WILL I GO? WHAT WILL I DO? POLICE! THAT'S IT! I'LL FIND THE POLICE!



'I RUSHED MADLY INTO THE ALLEY BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS. I STOPPED SUDDENLY IN HORROR!'



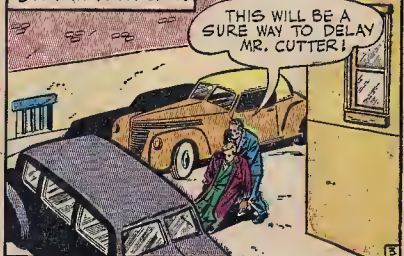
AS BROWN SPOKE HE COULD SCARCELY CONTAIN HIMSELF: 'I COULDN'T BELIEVE I'D KILLED A MAN. BUT KENT WAS LYING THERE WITH A HOLE IN HIS HEAD AS BIG AS A DIME! I WANTED TO RUN AWAY...'

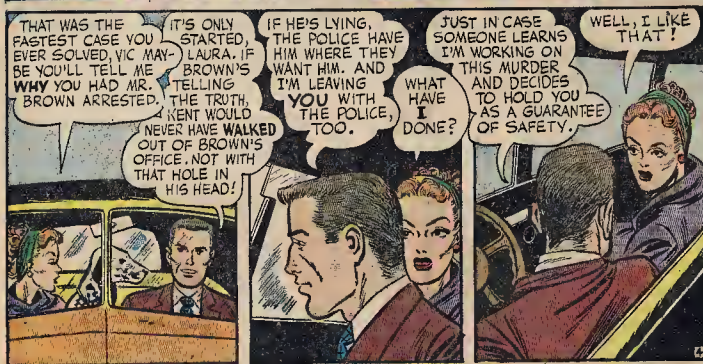


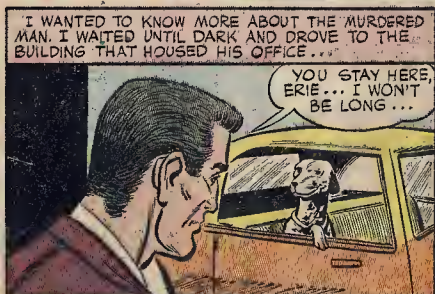
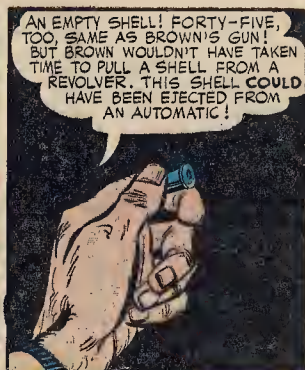
'THEN I THOUGHT OF YOU, CUTTER. I WAS SURE YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO!'

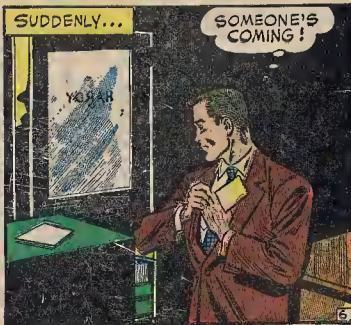
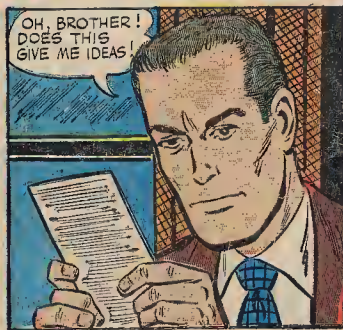
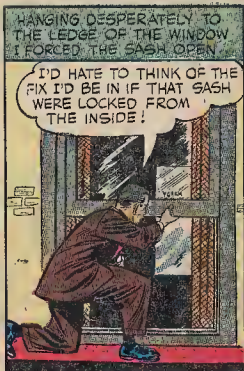
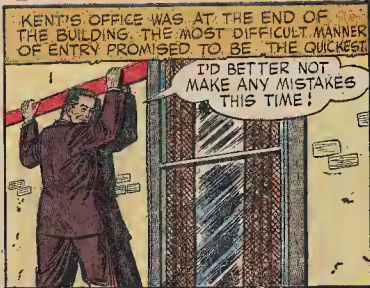
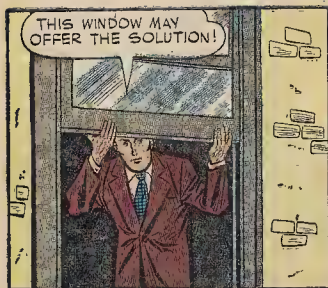


'I DROVE HERE AND BLOCKED THE DRIVEWAY WITH MY CAR, HOPING TO HOLD YOU IF WE MISSED CONNECTIONS. THEN I THOUGHT OF PLACING THE BODY IN YOUR CAR!'

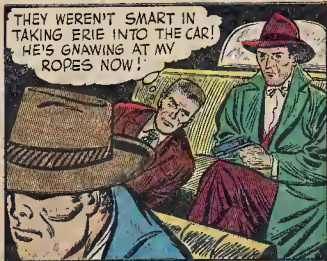
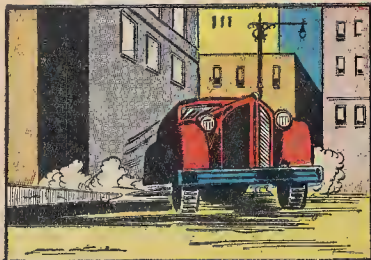


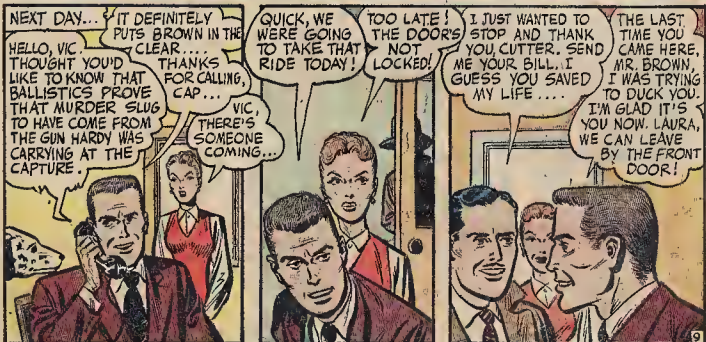
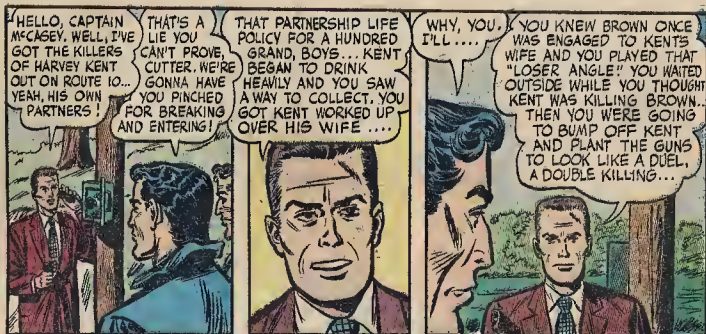












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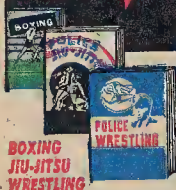
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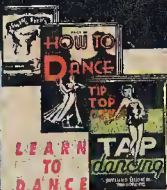
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